GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Pap In the Eighth Congressional District Receiving Associated Press Dispatches.

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SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1865.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

The parinership of Kisney, Nichols & Co., was by mittual collished baselved August 1, 1885. On that day the ownership of the springfield Grone-Regruna, daily and weekly, with all the property franchises, book accounts, and contracts of the said parinership, was transferred to The Springfield Publishing Company.

COATES KINNEY.
C. M. NICHOLS.
D. PHILLIPS.
CHYC. M. NICHOLS.
THE GLOWE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SUNDAY PUBLISHERS, ANNOUNCE-On the Ist day of August, 1885, the owner-ship of the Suspay George-Regular, with all its property, franchises, book-ase units and controlls, was transferred to The Springfield Publishing Co.: pany.

COATES KINNEY. THE GLORE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING YOR World.

CORPORATION ANNOUNCEMENT. The Springfulin Publishing Company, a corporation chartered under the laws of Ohio, having, August I, 1885, purchased The praying first to Gleshic Republic, daily and weekly, from the partnership of Kinney, Nichois & Co., and the Sixbay Globes Kinney, Nichois & Co., and the Sixbay Globes Kinney and the Globe Friending & Publishing tompany, have stipp sated to assume a 1 the debte, credits, and contracts of the said publishers, and will active all the obligations made by the August 1 1882.
By order of the Board of Directors of The Spain-Field Publishes (Swiedlass)
THOS. G. BROWN, Secretary.

" A nipping and eager air" greeted us this morning.

Michael Mullen was Tuesday reinstated as lieutenant of the police in Cincinnati.

The cold snap follows close upon the heels of the democratic circus. It's a cold day

when the democrats get left in Ohio. Civil Service Commissioner Thoman has bought a \$14 000 house in Washington. The judge must consider himself a fixture at the

capital. The republicans of Ohio only ask that the whisky traffic help pay the taxes. This, hair, never from human hair. Old ladies will under the present circumstances, has the

merit of being a possibility.

Bro. Leonard did not take either ale, champagne or beer as a beverage, or for mechanical purposes, but for his "often infirmities. What you going to do about it?

If Dr. Leonard will refrain from harling the next entire issue of the "Eary" at us. we will admit that he was hasty in pronouncing Beo. Glad len an Infamous liar.

as to the best medicine for malaria. All the both and some sage brush, and five of his particulars. The resulting street from the prophicans. The street form the resulting street from the street form the street from the stre

aged in his work of alleged temperance re-

It will not be placed to the credit of the Methodist Episc pal church if it should arpear that its great influence has been used to Mike Mullen and the democratic legislature.

Gov. Hoadly used the Grant mourning emblems of the state-house at Columbus to ald his own advantage politically. What do the Grand Army men think of a man who will condescend to trade politically on the death of their old commander, and more than that

to boast of it? Wise acres and politicians are already forecasting the work of the next congress. Many democrate seem determined to ring the changes on the tatiff and while the protection democrats and the republicans will defeat. There are said to be only 2,174 democrats any schemes of the free traders the effect on | who want the post. the business interests of the country will be Sam Jones has made such a success of the

members of the incoming congress. It remains to be seen whether the president with the power of the mugwumps at his back, can at Wirt, Ringgold county, lows, on Sunday. muzzle these diciples of the spoil system. It is found that civil service can be throttled by failing to make appropriations for the support ocean cables has progressed so that now six cables span the Atlantic, more than twenty connect England and the continent, and way of whipping the devil around the stump, in other parts of the world.

The silver question which has promised to the disturb the harmony of the democrats in Berkeley Springs, is thirty we years of age and has been married five years, and since congress may be quieted by the determination of the administration to make the cartwheel dren, four of whom were born inside of fitteen mooths. To cap the climar, last werk she gave birth to three babies, all strong and healthy.—Baltimore American. ing the use of silver instead. It will be strange if the conflict of interests does not defeat the plans of the administration and leave the naked question to be wrestled with name, Miss Doddclum. I never heard it but

to grovel in the dirt to obtain political preferment, he deserves the contempt of all. When clum " Pat." Dowling declared his intentions of leaving the republican party and casting his lot with the democracy, in the hope of being able to hold on to the Toledo postoffice, he becomes an object of mingled pity and scorn. Republicans are glad he has gone and She remarked that from the way we had been

The Spartan age had its beroes and so has ours in this first year of Cleveland's reform administration. Few men could be found beroic enough to load a car with gold on the Pacific coast and send it by mail across the plains exposed to attacks of road agents and maranders in its transit to the sub-treasury in New York. Treasurer Jordan, the financial hero of the nineteenth century is now sending millions of gold in this manner across the continent and it will be strange if the ghosts of the James' or Younger's do not teach this heroic treasurer that it is possible to save at the spigot and lose at the bung hole,

When the sileged prohibitionists talk prohibition and democrats talk license, they know that they are only talking buncomb Bath propositions are impossible under our constitution, and even if public sentiment was favorable to either it would be at least two years before constitutional provision SPRINGFIELD. O. could be procured making it possible. What the republicans ask is the regulation of the liquor traffic under the existing provisions, a tax law practical in its requirements and a law that can be enforced. The republicans go before the people with a practical business proposition possible to be carried out, the democrats, and their annex, go forth with fine spun theories impossible, full of promises well calculated to deceive.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

And Quite Auxiously, Toc.

A Washington dispatch gravely announces that Secretary Bayard has not asked the Austrian government to recall its representative here. A good many people are asking for the recall of Mr. Bayard, though,...New

The Kenl Sufferers.

The Brooklyn Leader has finally concluded that John Reach has got the better of the consolation to the government it may suck comfort out of the fact that it got the better of 2,500 American workmen whom it turned out into the street - New York Tribune.

A Severe Criticism. It is to be leared that Mrs. Jennie Wilson the young woman who joined the Salvation Army because she was a good tambouring player and liked the fun, and then married a man in Elizabeth while a former husband was still living in Vermont, is only too good a sample of the sort of people the "Salvattorers" pick up in this country. It people really believed in the sincerety of its soldiers, as they do in England, the army might do some good here; but any organization is indeed by the average character of its adherents, and rated according to that stardard the Salvation Army in this country must stand pretty low.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

They wander by the brookside,
Through wood and shady lane,
O'er grassy fields and meadaws,
O'er sunsy road and plain.
For happy hours they wander—
She lis ens, and he woos:
And then they stop to empty
The sand from out their shoes.
—Roston Globe.

New York Mail and Express.

Silvery white wigs are made from goat's now speak of their back bair as gotees.- New

York Tribune. Mr. Maxwell talks too much. To a man in his predicament, silence may not be golden, but speech is certainly hempen.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Out west the man who growls one day because it is too warm and the next day because it is too cold is called "a weather mugwump." Springfield Union.

The summer resorts are now geiting ready to say that the autumn is really the only time of the year in which to enjoy the coun-try.—New York Tribune.

estricated. - Georgetown, Col., Miner.

election, and all the articles in the two local papers are now printed in cars and italics. The editors say that if the fight lasts much longer they will have no use at all for lowercase type.

"Augle-worms," it is said, "are often caught up into the clouds by revolving storms and then dropped again many miles from the retain the Allen O. Myers' rule in Ohio. It place where they were taken up." This will support afford to endurae coal oil methods. explain why a man will spee up a two-scre garden when he is going fishing without finding a single angle-worm. They have all been taken up by a revolving storm and carried into the next county .- Norristown Her-

MISSING LINKS.

Sports, Ga., has a paper called the Ishmael-

ite and Times and Planter, Sir Moses Montefiore's New York monument is to be a home for incurables of all creeds.

Nearly \$20,000 have been subscribed this year to that grandest of all charities, the "Iresh air fund" of the New York Tribone. There is a postoffice in Eibert county, Ga.,

revival business that his younger brother Divil service has many enemies among the there's more money in it than in anything

A special dispatch to the Kansas City Times The perpetrators of the outrage are un known

In thirty-five years the construction of tions, etc. This is suggested as a mercirul 60,000 miles of wire run along the ocean bed

Caroline Robinson, colored, a domestic in he family of Colonel John S. Duckwell, n ar her marriage has given birth to eight chil-

A Peculiar Name.

New York Sun. once before. I had some business communication with a man of that name in Peoris, Did I understand Mrs. Hendricks to

Miss Doddelum-No, sir. I'm from Peoria,

Kansas Journalism Behind the Scenes.

democrats regard him fit only to be spewed going on through the papers, when we met we would spill blood. Oh, no, madam, newspaper quarrels are not personal ones. The way of the editor is peculiar.

A CAMP MEETING SCENE. In a harmoock swinging To and fro; Love above them winging
As they go;
Huppy man is clinging
As they glide
To a maiden singing
On each side.

Tien scene that pleases
Passers-by,
But the boy that teams
Winks his eye; Creoping on h's knees, he's
At the tree, Cuts the rope in pieces,

Two or three.

Two or three.

Breaks the pretty sandwich
Those three made,
With a roguish hand which
Bears the blade;
Spoils the dream so grand which
Hung aloft;
Down they go on land which
Is not soft:
—Columbus Dispatch.

HIS LITTLE GAL.

By Florence Revere Pendar, "Well, sir, seeing as yer mintion it, I don' mind if I does try er drop o' sumot 'ot. It's very comforting to the innerds, p'tickler of a cold night."

This was in answer to my proposal to old Jim Benton, stage door-keeper of Astley's Royal amphitheatre, London. The maneger was a particular frien | of mine, so that I had the entree to all parts of the theatre, and came and went as I wished. Jim had held this position some thirty odd years, and could, when he felt inclined (a drop o' sumot ot helped greatly thereto), relate many good story of dead and gone actors and their next of kin, heroes of the sawdust. I am an occasional contributor to the newspapers, and I would like here to say that I have been ndebted to Jim Benton for many an odd bit of pathes and humor. Poor old fellow! It is already ten years and more since I followed him to his last resting-place, and the stage door of Astley's Royal amphitheatre knows me no more. This night Jim was unusually talkative.

"Lor bless yer sir," said he, as he raised his glass of gin and water to his lips. "I pities them tectotaleers I does. I cum ermost er jining on 'em onet, but Providence was agin it. No, sir, you can't pass. I don't know no sich name." This last was addressed to a gentleman in lavender kids who presented himself at the door, asking to see Miss Morell, the principal danseuse. "Ah! perhaps you are acquainted with my

Carn't say as I ham, sir. It's not to be hexpected I could remember all the gals' oames. Yer see, we takes on a lot of hextras rome pantomime season. I can't pass yer, sir; horders is horders."

As the swell withdrew, old Tim continued "Lor', sir, if I was to pass hall as was wantn' to get in there wouldn't be no room be-hind the scenes fur the hactors; but it ain't aothinin' now to what it useter be when Mr. Ketchum had the management. Yer orter ha seen the stage door then. That was when the madame was er playin' of 'Mszeppa,' and a right fine figure of er woman she wut, too. Perhaps ye've seen her, sir? Ida Frances Fay was her name."

On my replying that I had never had that pleasure, be continued with: "Well, sir, there'll pever be another Ida There's lots o' gals wot's tried it on, but it don't work. Yer see there wuz er somethin' er sorter o' takin' about her wot fotched the swells. Yer couldn't git standing room when she wuz er playin'. Fast, was she, sir? Well, maybe she warn't hexactly wot you'd call a hackangel, but she was oncommon good to my little gal, and that's enuft for Jim Benton."

"Why, have you a daughter, Jim?" I ex-laimed, rather surprised at his never having mentioned it before.
"Had, sir, had..." Here the old man paus d a moment and stooped down to pick up a wi p of straw from the floor, and I no-ticed his hand trembled as he did so.

"Yes, sir," continued he, "yer wouldn't think ter look at me that I could have sich a dater. Such a pretty little thing, with hair fur all the world like gold, and eyes that made me think o' the wichts, and a sparkle in 'm when she laughed that all the spa gles iver ye are couldn't heat. Yes see sit I we iver ye see couldn't heat. Yer see, sir, I was pretty well on in years when Mamie was ill with a fever and died, and there I wuz left with a babby on m 'ands; but Lor' bless rise again. But the stuff that makes men republicans. Tout will help Hoadly more than anything else.

The public is not informed that Courtmey and Hosmer, the orsmen, have buried the hatchet. That is all very well, but we should be more interested to hear that Courtmey, in their endeavor to hold that A. B.

Leonard, late minister of the gospel, is a truly good man and worthy of being encour
The public is not informed that Courtmey and Hosmer, the orsmen, have buried the hatchet. That is all very well, but we should be more interested to hear that Courtmey had buried the saw.—New York Tribune.

With a baboy on m 'ands; but Lor' bless rise again. But the stuff that makes men ye, r, sir, I look as natred to't as if I'd been a rise was in him. After a while New Yorkers hads had buy in the city, had been opened in the Hoffman Hoose, with Ed Stokes as stool there er watchin' me. Sometimes she'd be as still as a mouse, and then agin, she'd schatter like a little magpie. She had knurs in the forming that makes men ye, r, sir, I look as natred to't as if I'd been a rise was in him. After a while New Yorkers hads hall my life. Brought her through the more interested to hear that Courtmey and Hosmer, the orsmen, have buried the hatchet. That is all very well, but we should be more interested to bear that Courtmey and Hosmer, the orsmen, have buried the saw of the most elabmeasies and whooping-cough as right as a triver. Many's the hour she's sot on that ere
work, in their endeavor to bold that A. B.
Leonard, late minister of the gospel, is a buried that makes men
y r, sir, I look as natrel to't as if I'd been a rise was in him. After a while New Yorkers
mey and Hosmer, the orsmen, have buried the saw hall my life. Brough the more interested to hear that Courtmey and Hosmer, the orsmen had buy on m 'ands; but Lor' bless if I'd been a first was in him. After a while New Yorkers
mey and Hosmer, the orsmen had buried that makes men
y r, sir, I look as natred to't as if I'd been a first was in him. After a while New Yorkers
mey and Hosmer, the ors fancies, had Mamie, when she warn't no higher than that ere table.

allers 'ave wings?

fly right down here and peek in the winder

and s'prise yer.'
'Yes, sir, that's the way she'd talk sometimes, and somehow it made me feel as if some one waz or pressing weight on my chist and I couldn't breathe. Do you know, sir, perhaps it's toolish, but I be'lleve she do come to that winder and look in at her old daddy sometimes—ony ways, it's a bit comforting to

'How came I to lose her? That's wot I'm comin' to, sir. Yer see Mamie was born, as I may say, in the perfeshon, in this werry thesyter. Why, what do you think, sir, afore she could toddle I bought her a Noah's bark, and wet banimal would yer b'lieve she picked our fast? A orse, sir. Ab, sir—it was born in her. I had ailers more of a leanin' arter hacting, but yer couldn't keep Mamie away from the 'cases. Was lafraid of her getting Lurt? Well, no. sir, I can't say as I wuz. Yer see, the grooms and hall the boys waz encommon tond of Mamie and took

"Well, sir, when my little gal was about 6 years old Dan Mexwell wanted to break her in to ride with him. At first I wouldn't heer to't, but Mamie wuz so wistful for't, und Dan wuz sich a great, strong feller, and I knowed 'd be that keerful of her as it she wuz made of gold, so I let Mamir have her way. warn't to be no whip used. I wouldn't ba stood that, but Lor' sir, there warn't no need o't. The child took to ridin like a duck to water. When I see her name on the posters in big letters I couldn't 'elp feeling a bit proud, and ivery night when she was on I used to git some one to mind the door, while I slipped roun' in front. Sich er picter as she looked in her bit o' white dress half kivered with spangles! And how the'd applaud her, sir! She got most a basket of oranges ivery night,

Here the old man paused a moment and drew his hand somewhat shamefacedly across

"Well, one night I couldn't git round in front until jist as they waz doing the finish; for that Mamie used to stand on Dan't shoul der, with one little foot out, and with her bits o' ands throw kisses to the audience. You've seen how it's done, sir. When she got round to the side of the ring I was on she kinder of torgot hercelf and nodded and kissed her ands to me, calling cu: There's one fur you, too. The next mo-"There's one fur you, too." The next m ment-I niver knowed how it 'appened but the 'osses wuz down and Dan and my little gal wuz under them. When I picked ber up I thought she wuz dead, but she opened bereyes and said: Is that you, daddy? I blieve I ain't hort. I don't feel nothin." "The madam, as I spoke of, sent her own

kerridge for a doctor, and when he came he looked so grave I knowed it was somethin' bad. So I up and asked him to tell me the truth. And he did in the feelingist way he could. My little girl had broken her back, and if she lived would be a cripple. I thought

pretty figure. Dan got off with a broken arm and a few bruises. I niver see er feller so cut up as he wuz about Mamie. He sot there on that cheer and cried like a babby, and when my little gal put out her arms to him one day and see: 'Dan, don't you want to take me to see the 'orsea?'—I think it wuz her way of showing him she didn't blame him -he made a pretense of going arter some candy fust; but it wuz to ide his feelings. sir. I think as how he spent mor'n half his salary er buying toys and things for my little gal. And there was the madame, too, erf stehing hall sorts of nice things to eat and er talkin' to Mamie by the hour. Mamie uses to like to play with madame's ring, and sich. She was main fond of jewelry, was my little gal. And between the madame and Dan ther wasn't much in that line she didn't ave, even

to a watch. I got 'em hall stowed away in a box, hexcept er ring she give to Dan. He wears it on his watch chain now.

"Well, sir, after a long while Mamie was hable to git round on crutches, but she was still pale and weakly like. The madame, when she wuz here, took her out a most ivery day er ridin', away into the county, er tryin to put a bit o' color into her cheeks, but it never stayed there long. She used ter lay on that 'ere old soily there and hold wat I called her drawin' room. Yer see, hall the boys used to drop in and chat with her, and

the wimen-folk, too, for that matter. Every-body loved little Mamie.

"About a year after the haccident Mamie ses to me one night: 'Daddy, Mrs. Green' (that was the wardrobe woman, sir.) 'ses here's a little girl a-going to ride tonight jist like I used. I would so like to see her. 'Would yer, deary?' see I; then dady 'ull take yer in front.' But I wasangry with the woman for aving told the child.

"Carryn' Mamie in my arms, I went round to the ring entrance. With her eyes er shinin like stars, she watched the act through, then as she put her 'ca'l down on my shoulder, sorter weary like, she ses: 'Daddy want that little girl to have my whip.

"I sot down here with her on my lap, et stroken o' her pretty hair. Hall to onet she put up her little arms and putled my face down to hers. 'Daddy,' ses she, 'kiss when she cuddled close up to me and seemed to sleep. I set fur quite a while as still as I could for lear o' wakin' her, but some one comin' to the door, I had to lay her down. She was dead, sir. My little Mamie, dead it my arms!

"Everybody was that kind and feeling, but they couldn't take the pain outer my art. There ain't nothing wot can do that. She's there and thothing wot can do that. She as buried at Finchley, sir, with as beautiful a stone as ver'd wish to see. A'most ivery Sunday I goes out there, it's not offen I speaks about her, sir, but my littl garl is al-lers here," and the old man placed his trembling hand upon his heart. There was a chok-I shook hands and left him. Turning at the outer door, I saw old Jim unlock a cupbourd and take down a little pair of crutches tied together with a faded blue ribbon. He touched them gently with his borny hand, then raised them reverently to his lips.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

Ed. Stokes' Rising Footsteps How Jim Fisk's Slayer Prospers.

New York Letter in Hartford Times. Gotham has always been a wonderful place for ups and downs, but I doubt it it has pro-duced any thing more remarkable in this way than is seen in the career of "Ed" Stokes, or, as an increasing number of people now call him, Mr Stokes. His election the other day as president of the United Lines Telegraph company marks an advance in a few years that may well excite surprise. Previous to the Jim Fisk episode the public in general knew nothing about Mr. Stokes. What it learned then was that he belonged to a respectable family, but had been rather wild. Fisk crossed his path for a woman, hounded him a good deal, and, it was said, also threatened his life. Then came the shooting in the Grand Central hotel, followed by Stokes' long imprisonment in the Tombs, and the still longer one at Sing Sing. That was supposed to be the end of him. Certainly i imagined that "Ed' Stokes would be a man of oute in the community, with so very dark a cloud hanging over him. He served his term at Sing Sing, and soon after his release tend to Childrenia.

went to California. Very little was heard of him for some time. Only his personal triends knew how he was small fortune. The bar flourished, and after another while it became known igher than that ere table.

"Daidy,' see she one day, 'Does hangels that the Hoffman House itself was largelless 'ave wings?"

"Yes, deary,' see I. 'I allers heer tell hey had.'

"I allers heer tell allers heer tell hey had.' "Then, ses she, when I die, daddy-of Wall street men, for his bar became their facourse it won't be for a big, long while; lit-tle gals don't die werry much, does they?— I'll tell God I wanter see my daddy, and I'll they, on the other hand, gradually recognized in him an uncommonly able business man. He went into Wall street himself and made some pretty good turns. And now he comes to the front as president of a telegraph organizatian that promises to give the over-grown Western Union Company a hard push. Some of the strongest financial men in New York are at his back, and evidently have con-fidence in him. The rise of Ed Stokes since his dreary days at Sing Sing is very remark-

An Eskimo Illumination.

St. Nicholas for September. The first snow of the winter does not make good strong snow-blocks for the igloos, however deep it may fall, and from the time there is enough of it, the Eskimo often have to wait three or four weeks before it is fit for building As it gets too cold in their summer sealskin tents before this time comes, the natives generally build preliminary houses of ice, which, singular as it may seem, are much warmer than the tents, but not as comfortable as the houses of snow. When the ice has formed to about six inches in thekness on some lake close by, they cut out their big slabs for the sides of the house. Imagine an ordinary-sized house-door to be a slab of tce about six inches thick; then take a halt-dozen to a dozen of these doors and place them in a circle, joining them edge to edge, but leaning in slightly, and you will have formed your curious house of ice. Over this circular pen of ice-which you can imitate on a small scale with a circular row of upright lominoes on their ends and joined edge to edge—the summer sealskin tent is lashed across poles for a roof, and the ice house is complete. By and by, this root, sagging with snow, map be taken off and a dome of snow put on, which gives more beight and conse

Before these houses get covered inside with the black soot from the burning lamps, and before the snow outside has drifted up level with the roof, a night scene in a village of ice, and especially if the village be a large one and all the lamps be burning brilliantly is one of the prettiest views a stranger can find in that desolate and. If you could be hold a village of cabins suddenly transformed into houses of glass, and filled with burning lamps, it might represent an Eskimo ice vil-

He Escaped the Fate of His Tobacco Box

Over a year ago a sailor belonging to an Roglish vessel at Port Royal, Jamaica, disarpeared and a few days afterward a shark was saught with his tobacco box in his ator It was sent to his wie as an incontrovertible witness of his bor. ible end, and she mourned over it until he dropped in to see her the other day. He had deserted, he explained, and had lest his box overboard in getting into the boat to go ashore.

One day's receipts to the Grant monument as how I couldn't bear it at fust; she had fund in New York, in a newspaper office, was been so 'andsome and spry, with such a 16 cents from seven contributors. FULTON & HYPES.

FULTON & HYPES. Shirts Made to Order,

LARGE LINE OF READY MADE SHIRTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

FULTON & HYPES, 6 1-2 EAST MAIN

BROWN'S *IRON* BITTERS WILL CURE

HEADACHE INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS DYSPEPSIA NERVOUS PROSTRATION

MALARIA CHILLS AND FEVERS TIRED FEELING GENERAL DEBILITY PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES IMPURE BLOOD CONSTIPATION FEMALE INFIRMITIES

NEURALGIA KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES FOR SALE BY ALL ERUGGISTS The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red

RHEUMATISM

TAKE NO OTHER. GRANDIMOTHER

Used herbs in doctoring the family, and her simple remedies *DID CURE* in most cases. Without the use of herbs, medical science would be powerless; and yet the tendency of the times is to neglect the best of all remedies for those powerful medicines that seriously injure the system.

ISHLER'S

is a combination of valuable herbs, carefully compounded from the formula of a regular Physician, who used this prescription largely in his private practice with great success. It is not a drink, but a medicine used by many physicians. 45° It is invaluable for DISPEPSIA, KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERFOUS EXHAUST. N. WEAKNESS, INDIGESTION, Sec. and while curing will not hurt the system.

Mr. C. J. Rhodes, a well-known tron man of Safe Harbor, Pa., writes: "My sen was completely prostrated by fever and ague. Quintie and lanks did him no scool. I then sent by Mishler's Herb Bitters and in a short time the boy was quite well." "E. A. Schellentrager, Druggist, 717 St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O., writes: "Your Bitters, I can say and do say are pre-scribed by some of the oldest and most prominent physicians in our city."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO. 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

MEDICAL.

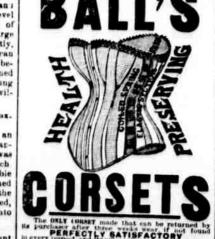
CANCER OF TONGUE

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble, and under the old-time treatment was healed up, and I suppeed I was well. I found, however, it had only seen driven into the system by the use of potash and memory, and in March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in what some of the descore demonstrated cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in t is line; but one after another would exhaust their soil! and drop me, for I grew some continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek destroying the palate and under lip entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bote and up to the left eye. From a hearty robust woman of 180 pounds, I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself in bed. I could not eat any soid food, but sutsisted on liquids and my torgue was so far cone I could not lais. The anguich of mind and the horrible suferings of body which I experienced, can never he revealed. Given up by rhysicians to die, with no hope of recovery on the part of friends who sat around my be side, expecting every moment to be my last; in fact, my husband would place his hand upon me every now and then to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was eatinet, and my death was reported all over the country.

Such was my helpless and wretched condition the first of last October (1881), when my friends consenced giving me Switt's Specific. In least than a month the eating place as to pped and healing commenced; and the tenrial aperture in my aftigently and the tongue which we at most destroyed is telling recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, this condent that in which was a most destroyed is telling recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can

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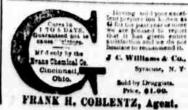
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